

King Bonverd II.

A Legend of a Lost Kingdom.

By F. A. MITCHELL

Since the dawn of history the map of Europe has been changing. Many years ago there was a nation the very location of which has been lost, but it is supposed to have occupied a part of Austria and a part of northern Italy. There is a legend connected with this country which has been handed down by word of mouth for many centuries. Traces of it have been found among German speaking people and among Italians.

There was a king of this country—so the story goes—who was at continual war with a people living to the east of his territory, supposed to have been Slavs, whose descendants now occupy the Balkans. He appears in different versions of the tradition under different names, but usually Bonverd. The name of the nation he governed was Thungaria, supposed by some to have been the origin of Hungary.

While King Bonverd was being pressed by his enemies a son was born to him. There was a prophecy that the Serbs would conquer Thungaria, but that a Bonverd born at the time of the conquest would reconquer the kingdom and subvert the conquerors. This prophecy which reached the Serbs, filled them with a desire, should they succeed in conquering the first part of it, to fulfill the second part by either killing the infant who was, when grown, to work their destruction or make him a captive.

At the birth of the heir to the throne (Bonverd II. if he lived) his mother was made to nurse him, and a peasant woman who gave birth to a man child at the same time was called in to give suckle to the prince. She was assigned rooms in a wing of the palace and brought her own child with her.

The woman, whose name was Joseph, was dark and her child was of like complexion while the heir apparent to the throne was fair with blue eyes. The king, when Joseph and her son, who was called Herman, were brought to the palace, called upon his counselor to make an inspection of the two infants in order that the peasant boy could not be substituted for the prince. They reported to the king that, since one was light and the other dark, any one who had seen them, knowing which was the prince, would surely be able to judge correctly between the two. This satisfied the king and he made no objection to Joseph having her own son with her.

Meanwhile the Serbs were slowly approaching the capital of Thungaria, their king, Boris, being a great general and matched against a commander who was his inferior for King Bonverd was not a warrior and was obliged to yield the command of his troops to Joseph. This man risked all on one battle and was defeated, and the whole of Thungaria was open to the enemy, who had advanced rapidly on the capital. Indeed, they came as fast as the news that they were coming.

One morning Joseph heard a din below and looking through a window saw the street filled with the enemy's troops. The prince was asleep in his cradle, covered with drapery of the finest texture and bearing the royal arms.

Joseph's own son was in his own cradle, made of oak and unadorned. Hearing a noise in the corridor and believing that the Serbs had broken into the palace and would murder the prince, she hid him in her son's cradle and put her son in the place of the prince. Then, passionately embracing her offspring, she went into an adjoining room that she might not see him killed.

She had scarcely done so when the nursery door was thrown open and armed men entered. In a few minutes they were gone, and Joseph went back expecting to see the body of her murdered son. The cradle was empty, and the prince was lying where she had placed him in the stolen cradle.

King Bonverd was killed fighting at the head of his bodyguard, and all his courtiers who outlived the taking of the city were slaughtered. Joseph, carrying the prince, who was supposed to be her child, escaped from the palace and made her way to her home in the country. She dared not let it be known that the babe was heir to the throne of Thungaria lest the fact reach the conquering king and he should be killed. She therefore kept her secret.

Twenty years passed. Thungaria was a province of the kingdom of Boris, governed by a viceroy. Bonverd was brought up by his foster mother under the name of Joseph Bernstein and unlike his father, manifested a predilection for a military life. At an early age he enlisted in the army of King Boris in a corps stationed in Thungaria. Being a fine soldier, he was rapidly promoted till at twenty years of age he was made a captain.

A few years later a young man came to Thungaria and announced that he was Bonverd II., king of Thungaria. He declared that when the Serbs had conquered the country he had been taken by order of King Boris from his cradle in the palace and carried to the king, who had turned him over to some of his officers to be dispatched

The officer, not relishing the work of killing an infant, had turned him over to a common soldier, who in turn commissioned his wife to strangle him. The woman reported that she had done so, but instead had concealed him and afterward brought him up as her own child.

Great changes had taken place since the conquest of Thungaria. King Boris had died and had been succeeded by his son, Boris IV., who was a weakling. The young claimant to the throne of Thungaria called upon his people to rise and throw off the yoke. It was quite likely that he would have succeeded in putting himself at the head of an army at once had not a viceroy of King Bonverd's councilors, who had been commissioned to inspect the prince and his foster brother when they were babes, still lived. They at once visited the claimant to the throne and pronounced him an impostor. He was of dark complexion, while the true prince was fair.

Joseph Bernstein was at the time serving with the army and had risen to be colonel. He seldom saw his foster mother, and she had never revealed to him the secret of his birth, fearing that he would attempt to lead a revolt which would surely fail and in stead of gaining a crown he would lose his head. Bernstein heard of the pretender and espoused his cause, thinking it better that even a false pretender should lead the Thungarians to liberty than that they should remain subjects of their conquerors.

A secret meeting took place between the two men. Bernstein reported that the corps he commanded was largely composed of Thungarians and he could begin a revolt with it. The offer was accepted, and suddenly the viceroy and all the Serb civil officers of the government were arrested. The news spread rapidly and the people sprang to arms. Not only was a sovereign at hand in the claimant, but a military chieftain in Bernstein. The army through a long term of years a quarter of a century had become largely Thungarian and only needed a leader. Bernstein therefore found himself at the head of an army almost immediately.

But a force composed entirely of Serbs was sent to put down the rebel lion, and many battles were fought. At first it was a losing game for the Thungarians, but under Bernstein's leadership they held their own until gaining strength, they were able to meet the enemy under more advantageous circumstances. Finally when their general found himself in a position to strike he sent his adversaries back in a rout, dictating terms of peace in their capital which restored the independence of Thungaria.

When Bernstein returned with this army at the head of a victorious army one of the first persons he met standing at the foot of the steps leading up to the palace, where he was going to report to the pretender, was his foster mother.

"Hail King Bonverd!" she said kneeling before him.

"What do you mean, mother?" he asked.

Before the throne that was crowded upon the young victor she told the story of how she had been his nurse, how she had put her own son in his place when the Serbs broke into the palace and how she had taken him away and brought him up as her own son.

At that moment an old man who had been a member of King Bonverd's cabinet came forward to congratulate the man who had freed his country, arriving in time to hear Joseph's story. He remembered Joseph and looking from her to the man she had nursed as king, dropped upon one knee and kissed his sovereign's hand. The crowd, recognizing in the old man one prominent as a minister of their last sovereign, rent the air with loud hurrahs for King Bonverd II.

The claimant, as became a sovereign, was waiting in the palace to receive the homage of his general, when, hearing the shouts, he directed an attendant to go and learn what they meant. The man returned and said:

"Please, your majesty, they have acclaimed General Bernstein king."

The pretender, rising from his seat, hurried out and appeared with clouded brow before the king and the group about him. Joseph threw her arms around the pretender's neck, exclaiming:

"My son, my son, I believed they had killed you! Happy day that both my children are restored to me! Salute your king!"

The proof that the blue eyed general was king of Thungaria was so complete that he who had believed himself king was convinced and gave his adhesion to the true sovereign. King Bonverd made him his prime minister and treated him as a brother. As for Joseph, the king had always believed that she was his mother and loved her as such. He insisted that she occupy quarters at the palace and be treated with the respect due a queen dowager.

When the Serbs heard the story of how their late king had failed in his attempt to thwart a prophecy it became a universal opinion that what fate had decreed it is useless to oppose.

They were very much dissatisfied with their own king, and when later King Bonverd, yielding to his subjects' clamor for revenge at their long subjection, marched at the head of an army to their country they declined to make any opposition. For had not it been foretold that he would conquer his father's conquerors? So Bonverd entered their capital, took possession of their government and made his foster brother their king. Since their new sovereign had been brought up among them they were well satisfied.

ROAD BUILDING AND MAINTENANCE

Some Suggestions Offered by Government Experts.

THE RAKE A USEFUL TOOL

Culverts and Ditches Should Be Carefully Inspected at Frequent Intervals and Obstructions Removed—Earth Should Not Be Used For Patching Stone or Gravel Highways.

(Prepared by office of public roads, United States department of agriculture.)

The rake is one of the most useful tools used in gravel or stone road maintenance. Large patches of stone or gravel should not be spread over the whole road at one time, especially in dry weather. During the summer months particular care should be taken to keep the road in good condition.

Culverts and ditches should be carefully inspected at frequent intervals and all obstructions removed. If the weeds are removed from shoulders and ditches grass will soon take their places. Whenever a mile of new stone road is constructed the contractor should be required to place about 10 tons of one inch stone free from dust sometimes referred to as chips, and screenings at convenient places for maintenance and repairs. Before applying new material to the road all projecting stones should be removed and the surface roughened with a pick.



EXAMPLE OF A GOOD GRAVEL ROAD.

In applying new material thick layers should be avoided. Two inches of loose stone is ordinarily thick enough.

Trap rock, granite and other hard rocks should be broken finer for repair work than limestone and other soft rocks. Never crack stone on the road if you desire to secure a smooth surface. A thin layer of screenings, preferably trap rock, applied to a gravel road will produce a wearing surface almost equivalent to macadam.

Newly laid stone for patchwork or repairs should be bonded with screenings or a good quality of gravel. An excess of binder, however, should be avoided. In cutting away the worn out material for gravel and stone road shoulders all road scrapings, horse droppings and other rubbish should be kept off the road. Such materials will ruin the best road ever constructed.

The caretaker should never neglect an opportunity to remove loose stones from the road surface. Loose stones or water worn pebbles should not be used for repairs or maintenance, as they will not bind.

Earth should not be used for patching stone or gravel roads, for earth turns to dust and after the first rain dust turns to mud. A mud blanket over the road will prevent it from drying out and hasten its destruction. The middle of the road should always be a little higher than the sides, so that it will shed water quickly. This crowning, however, should not be carried to such an extreme that vehicles are forced to use the center of the road only, thus confining the wear to two narrow wheel tracks.

If the road is so badly worn or rutted as to require rebuilding the best practice is to roughen the surface with a scripper drawn by a roller or by means of spikes placed in the driving wheels of the roller. The surface is then harrowed and all large stones removed. After bringing the surface to the proper crown and cross section a layer of one and one-half inch stone is applied, bonded with screenings, sprinkled and rolled in the same manner as for the original construction.

For roads on which fast automobile traffic is excessive some binding material other than stone dust is needed to preserve the surface and prevent raveling. Among the materials in most common use for this purpose the following may be mentioned: Water gas tars, coke oven tars, gas house tars, road dust asphalt or semiasphalt, oil, oil asphalt, native asphalt and Gishottite fluxed with suitable oil. Extreme care should be used in the selection of such materials, and they should be subjected to proper laboratory tests to determine their binding power, consistency, etc.

THE TWO CLAIMANTS

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Howard Prower and Ralph Cunningham, two young Englishmen, met in the gold country of Colorado and became fast friends.

These young men, having compared notes, learned that they came from eminent British families. Prower was a younger son of a nobleman, and Cunningham claimed to be a graduate of Oxford. Besides the fact of their being fellow countrymen, there was a strong resemblance between them. They were nearly the same height and build and both light complexioned. There was one difference between them, though it was scarcely noticeable. Prower's right eye was of a slightly different shade of blue from his left eye.

But there was a great difference in the character of the two men. Howard Prower was a kind hearted, noble man; Cunningham was a devil. They prospected together for a time, agreeing that if one struck paying dirt he would share it with the other. Finally Cunningham dug a hole in the ground for which he was offered a hundred thousand dollars. He had no intention of sharing it with Prower and was deliberating how he could beat him out of his portion when a letter came addressed to Howard Prower, earl of Brookfield.

Prower was away on a prospecting tour when the letter came. Both men had been away from England for ten years. If Prower were out of the way Cunningham might return, pass himself off for the new earl and thus appropriate the title and estates. While he was deliberating on this plan word was received that Prower had been attacked by claim jumpers and murdered.

Cunningham went to the place where the fight had occurred and tried to find his friend's body. He was told that a number of persons had been killed in the fight and they had all been buried side by side. He was shown the graves, but saw no reason why he should exhume his friend's body. Returning to his cabin, he opened the letter that had been received and learned that Prower's father and two older brothers had been taken ill and all had died within a period of a few weeks.

A month from that time Cunningham appeared in England and claimed to be Howard Prower, now Earl of Brookfield. There was no one of the family to receive him except a sister of the late earl, who did not doubt that he was her nephew.

No one disputed the identity of the claimant except Lady Gladys Pembroke, the daughter of a neighboring nobleman who would have been Howard Prower's wife except for his poverty. She had not married and when he returned expected a happy meeting. To play the part of her lover was more than Cunningham could accomplish, and she at once pronounced him an impostor.

But notwithstanding this assertion, which was not very largely accepted, Cunningham established himself as the Earl of Brookfield. He had played the part of a peer some four months, when he should appear but the real earl Prower had been left for dead by those who had attacked him and those who had aided in his defense. Before they had returned to bury the dead he had crawled away. When he had recovered he looked for his chum, but did not find him. Later he had heard of his father's and brother's death and at once started for England.

When one day Howard Prower walked into his home and met his old friend face to face the latter turned pale. There was one of two courses which he might choose—step down and out or claim that the newcomer was an impostor. He chose the latter course. He ignored his visitor, saying that he had come to personate the real Howard Prower, but that he would be unable to substantiate his claim.

Prower, against such treatment, withdrew and entered suit against the man who had usurped his title and his property. His suit unfortunately failed to the opinion that Cunningham was her nephew. This left Lady Gladys Pembroke the only witness in Prower's favor, and her evidence was not counted so valuable as that of a member of the claimant's family. Nevertheless, Lady Gladys warmly espoused Howard's cause, and the relations of lovers that had existed before he left for America were resumed.

One witness was found in an old woman who had nursed Howard when he was a baby. But she had never seen him since that time, and her evidence was not considered of much value, especially since in her old age she had lost her eyesight. However, at the trial she was called to the witness stand and testified as follows:

"I have not seen Howard Prower since he was a baby, when I used to give him his bath and wheel him in his perambulator, but if I could see plainly now as then I would know him, for I noticed on him a defect I have never seen in any one else. His eyes were of a different shade of blue."

The two claimants were at once examined carefully. Nearly all the examiners pronounced that the blue of Howard's right eye was slightly lighter or darker than that of his left.

This settled the case definitely, and he was adjudged to be the Earl of Brookfield. He married Lady Gladys Cunningham was sent to prison for a term of years for making false pretensions.

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ROADS AND COUNTRY SCHOOLS

Good Highways Mean That Schools Are Well Attended.

"Good roads and consolidated graded country schools are the greatest need of this nation," says Mrs. Robert Baker of Washington. "More than \$25,000,000 will be spent on public roads in the states the coming year. It is time women were busy on a public service which affects them and their children so intimately."

Mrs. Baker, helped by such women as Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Miss Julia Lathrop and other leading women of the nation, has formed a women's auxiliary to the American Highway association.

"We are working side by side with the National Congress of Mothers, as well we might. Just think," says Mrs. Baker, "that in this country only a trifle more than one-half of the population of school age are in school, and that only for six months of the year. In Japan 98 per cent of the children attend school nine months of the year. "Of course various factors affect school attendance and the amount of literacy among the people of a community. But it is a fact worth considering that in five states chosen at random for their high percentage of improved roads the average attendance of enrolled pupils is 77.14, and in five states chosen for their notoriously badly neglected roads the average attendance of enrolled pupils is 59.16."

The women's auxiliary has been looking up these statistics, and it finds that in five states where the percentage of improved roads is 59.55 the percentage of illiterates born of white native parents is 34, while in five states where the percentage of improved roads is only 1.51 the percentage of illiteracy among native whites is 4.75. It certainly does look as if good roads led to literacy.

You can't make a child go to school when going means tramping long distances through the snow and mud. Some of them go of course, if they want book learning badly enough. They

go, get awful colds in the going, and then they snifle and cough in the boxed up schoolroom and bestow their germs upon all the other children. Also lack of good highways has led to more than one accident when railways were near.

"The ideal to be aimed at is roads good enough for roller skating and well built consolidated schools. There are about 2,000 of these consolidated schools, and this number could easily be doubled many times over," says Mrs. Baker. "Experience has shown that 500 children can be educated in one of these consolidated schools at a smaller expense than can 800 children in eight small one room schools, and as to the better quality of the education there can be no question."

"The little red schoolhouse may be picturesque in poetry, but in real life it is smelly and ill ventilated, full of wood smoke and bad discipline and productive of childlains and imperfect spellers. Farmers want graded schools for their children, and rightly. Many give up their farms and move to town for the sake of their graded school. So if we want to keep up our food supply it behooves us to bring the graded school to the farm, and that is just what better roads will do."

G. Little has finished the leveling work on the court house lawn the two checks on the east will be planted to grass later, and with the new coat of paint for the band stand and the foliage the trees are venturing to adorn themselves with, our city should be very proud of the court house and grounds.

The reception and dance, given by the dancing club honoring Mr. and Mrs. Myron K. Clark, Tuesday evening was a very pleasant affair, a nice crowd being in attendance. The bride was lovely, attired in a gown of pink shifon over taffeta. Music was furnished by the Victrola.

The best of coffee and two or three kinds of cake was served. The young people say they had the best time they have had since the dancing club has been organized.

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